MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR,

The Monthly COLLECTION

OF

New Teaching SONGS,

Compos'd for the *Theatres*, and other Occaſions;

With a Thorow Baſs for the *Harpſichord*, or *Spinett:*

The SONGS being Tranſpos'd for the *Flute*, at the end of the Book.

For **June.**

LONDON:

Printed by *William Pearſon*, next door to the *Hare* and *Feathers*, in *Alderſ-gate-ſtreet*; for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; And *J. Hare*, at the Golden *Viol* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and at his Shop in *Freeman's-Yard* in *Corn-Hill*; And *J. Young*, at the *Dolphin* and Crown in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard; And all other Muſick-Shops in Town. 1699.

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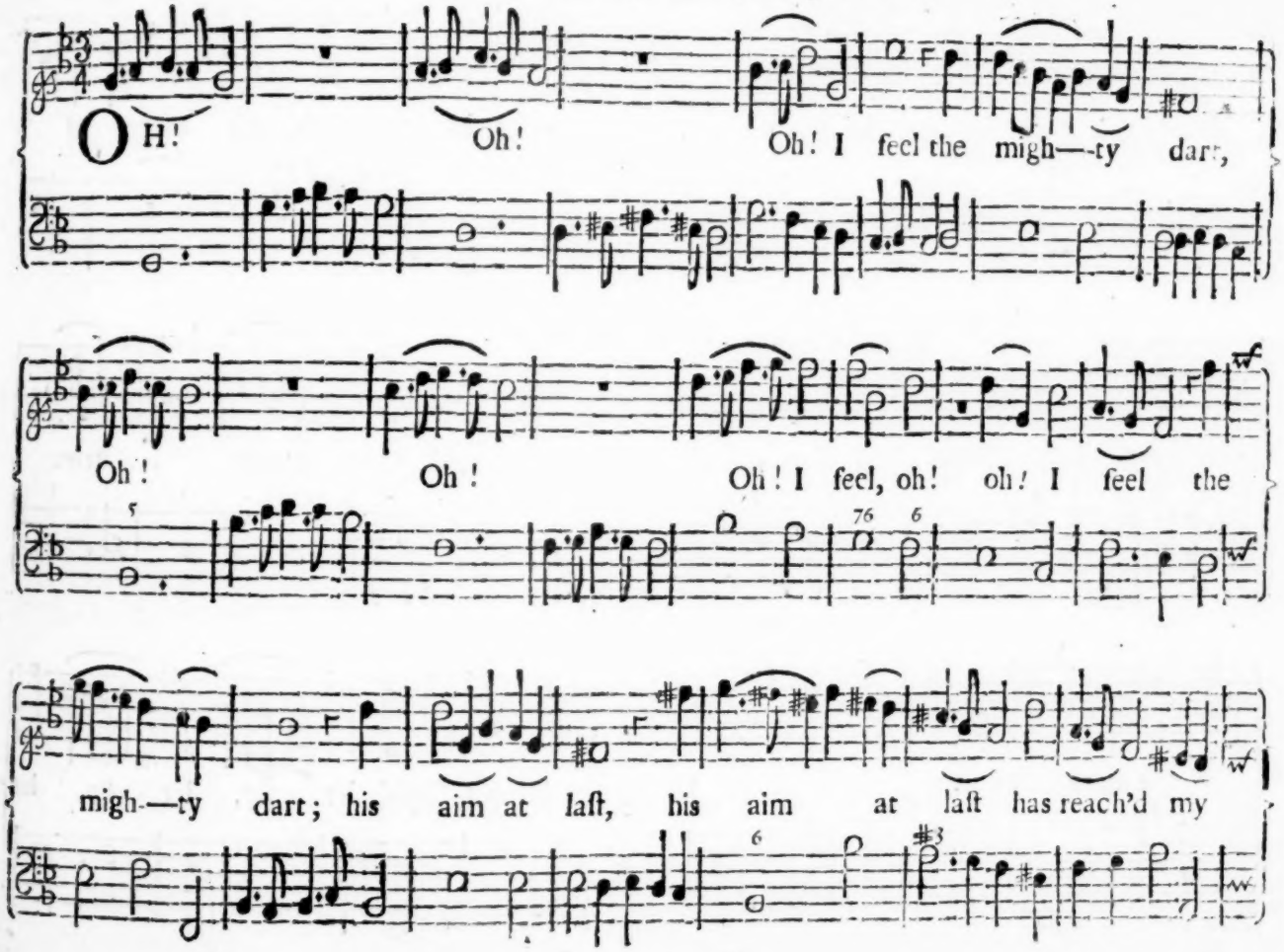
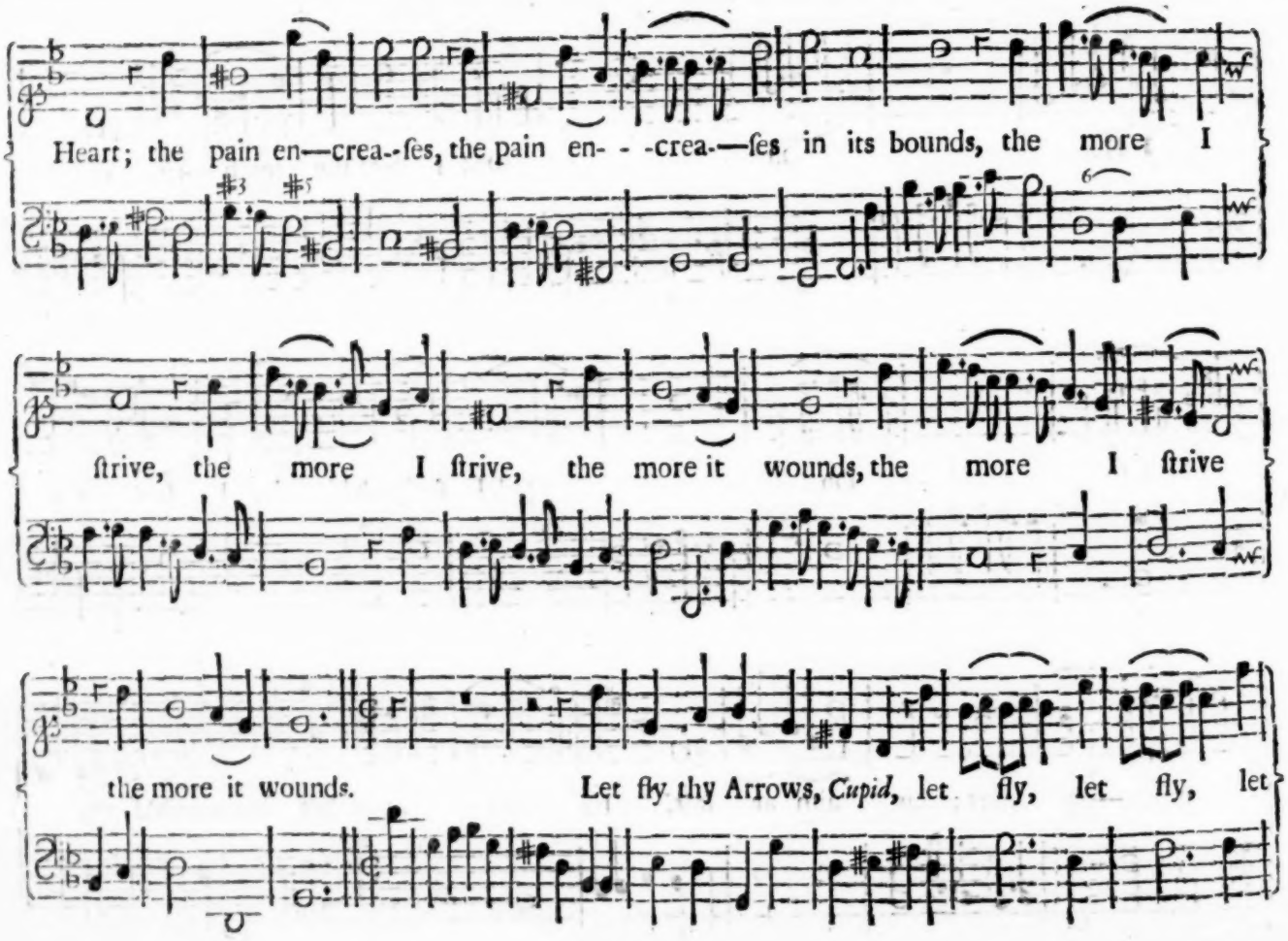
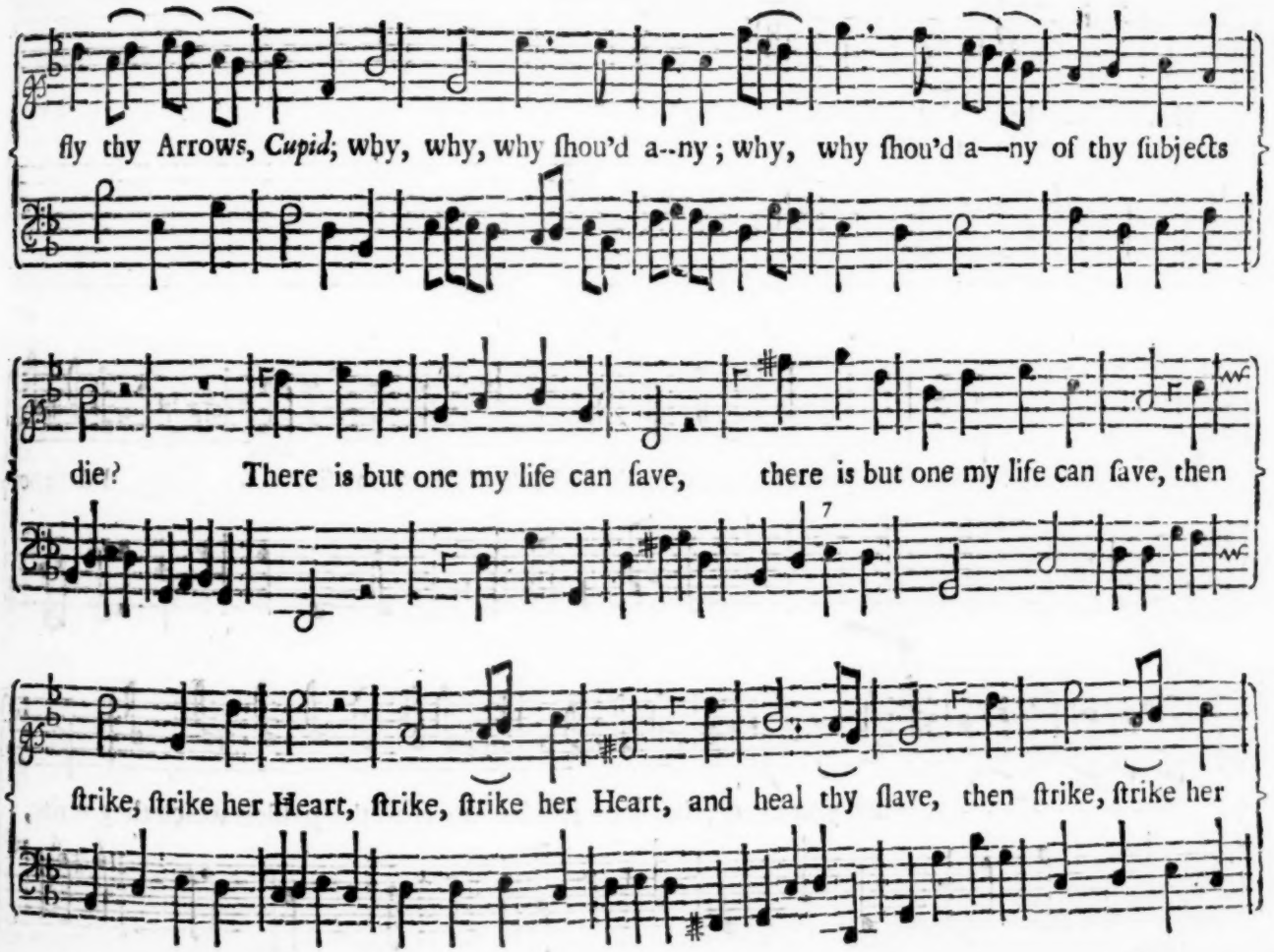
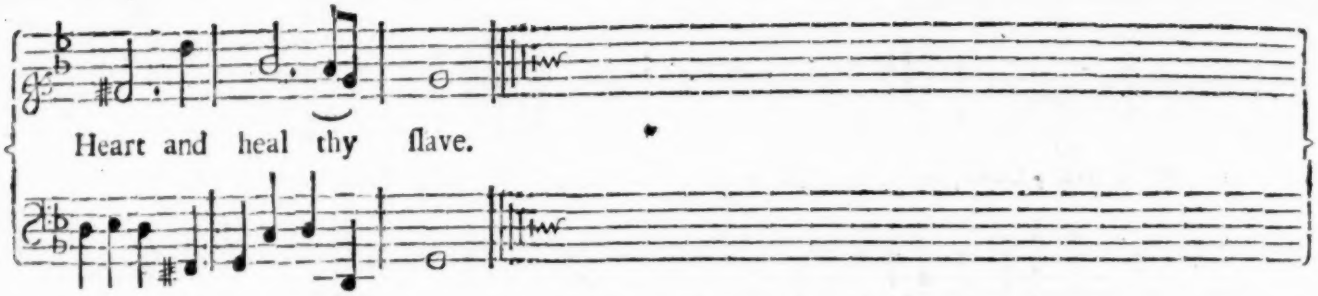
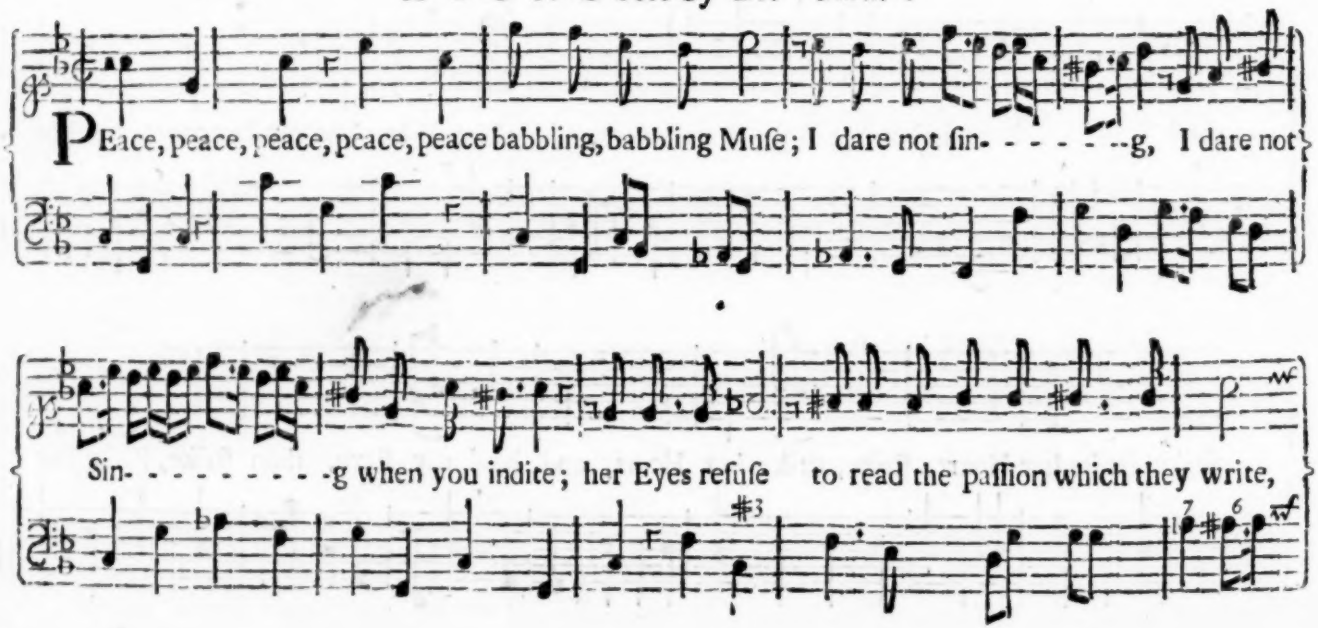
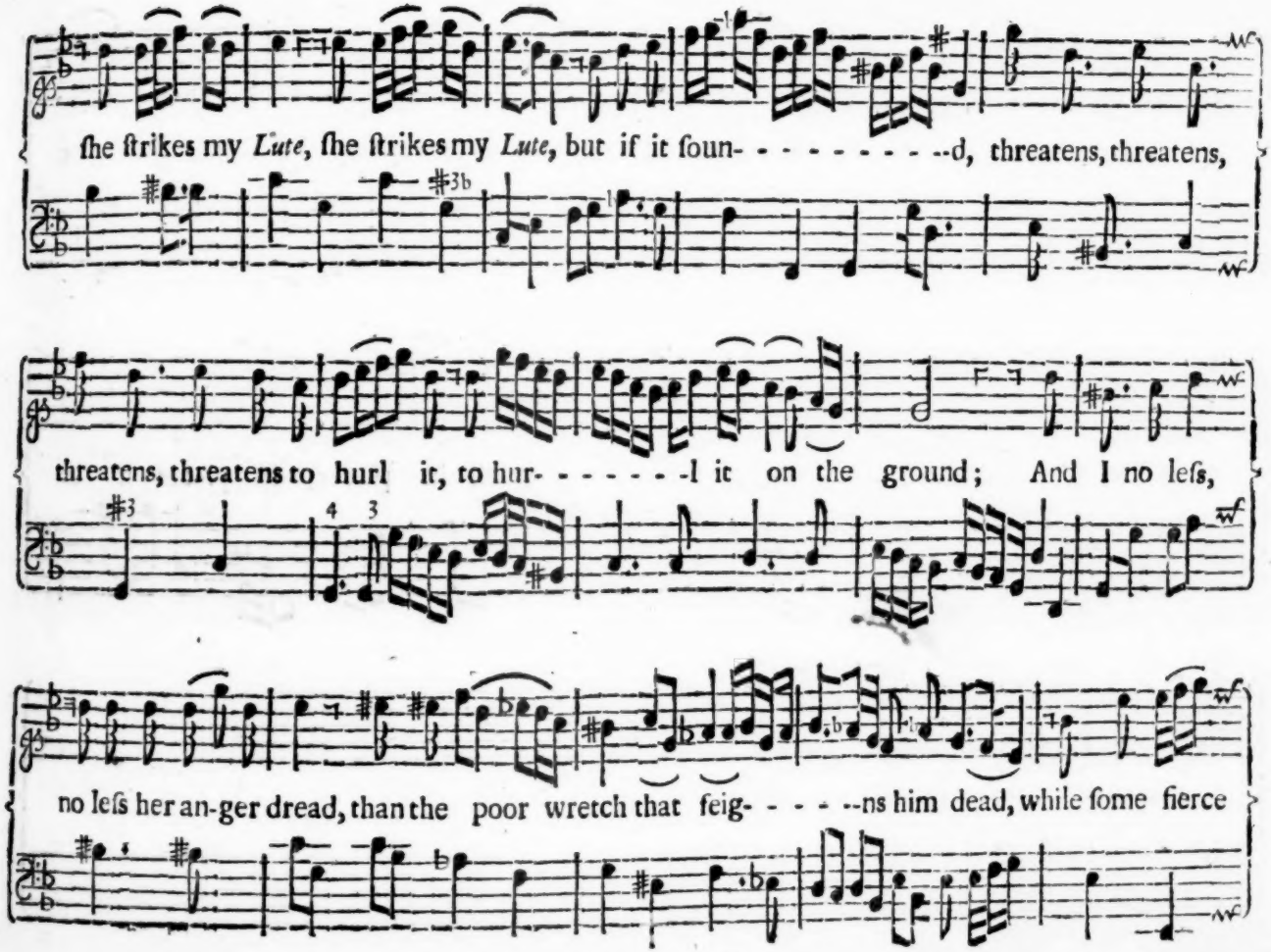
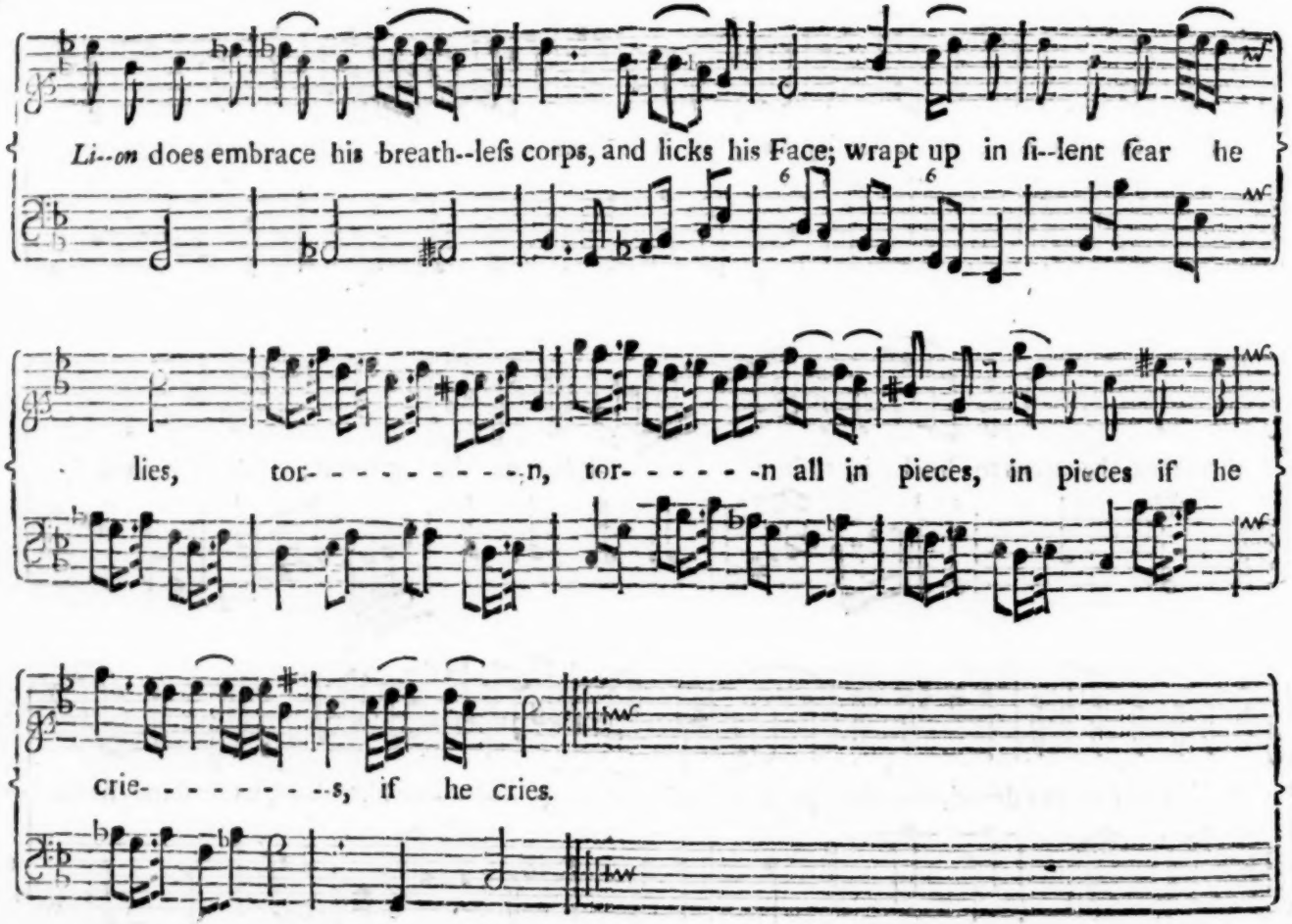
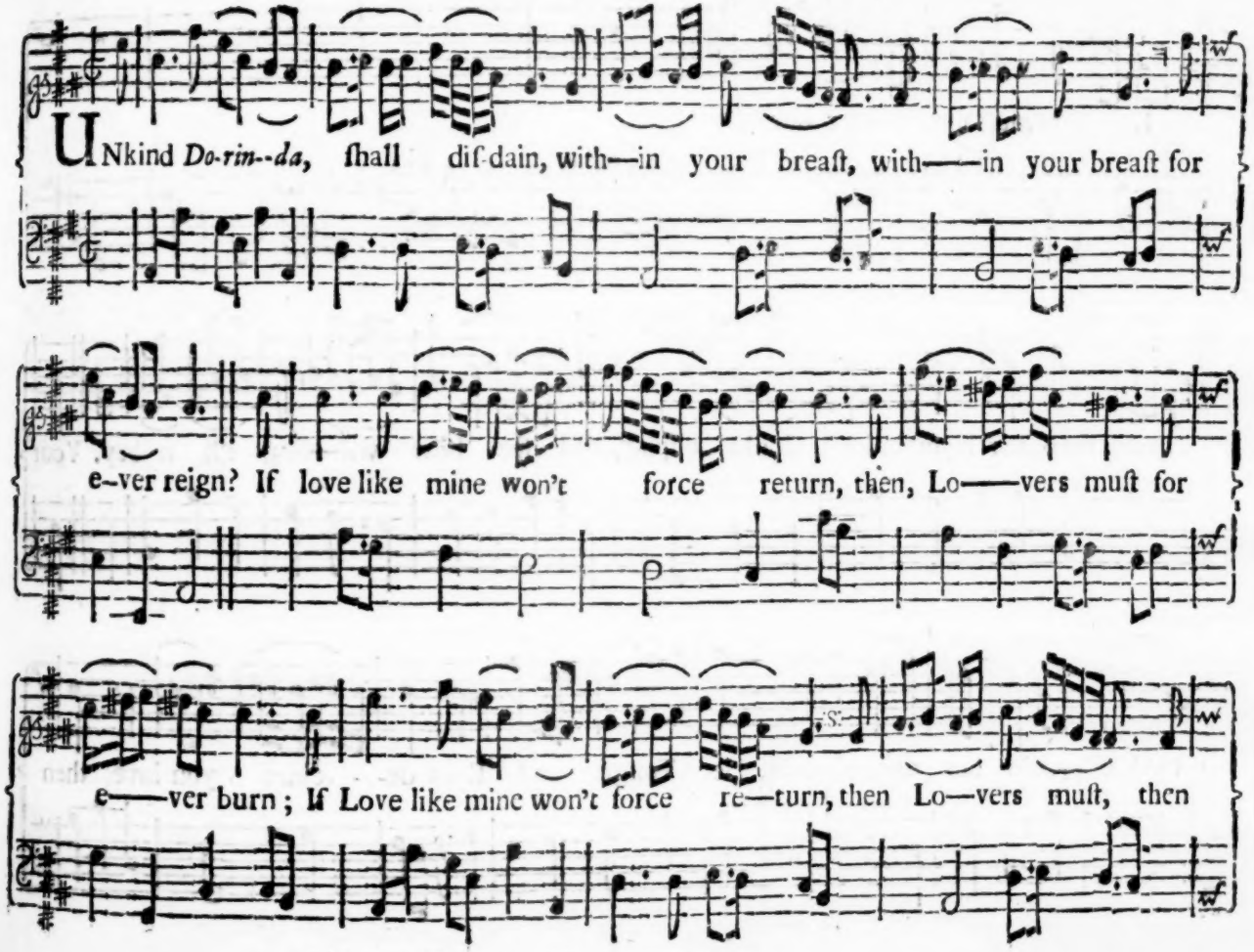
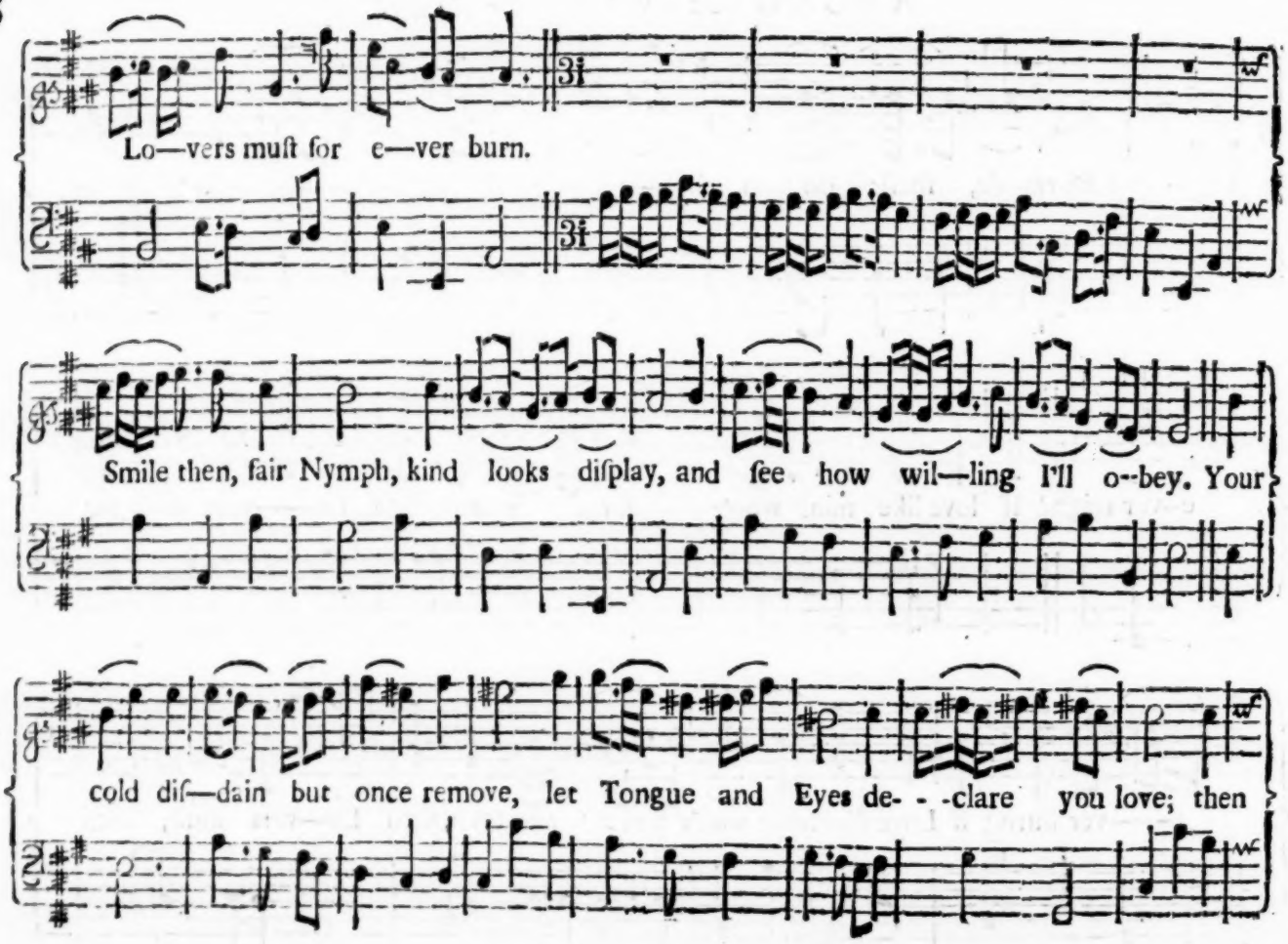
A SONG Sett by Mr. *Jeremy Clark.*

Heart; the pain en—crea--ſes, the pain en- - -crea-—ſes in its bounds, the more I
ſtrive, the more I ſtrive, the more it wounds, the more I ſtrive
the more it wounds. Let fly thy Arrows, *Cupid*, let fly, let fly, let

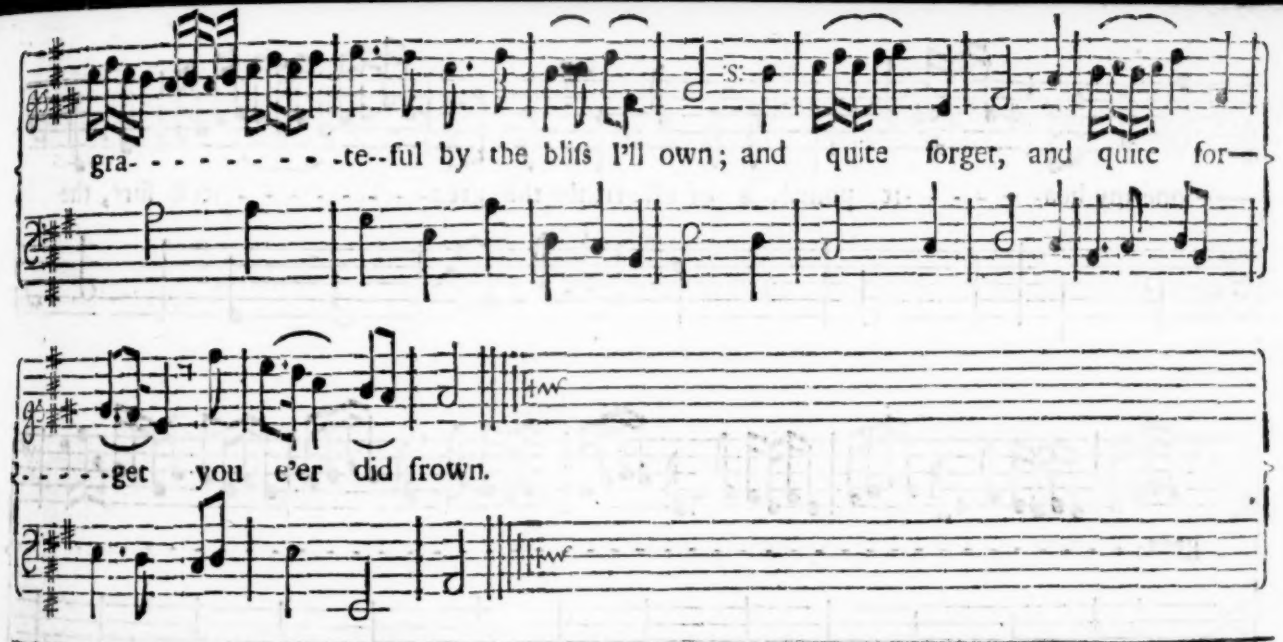

fly thy Arrows, *Cupid*; why, why, why ſhou'd a--ny; why, why ſhou'd a—ny of thy ſubjects
die? There is but one my life can ſave, there is but one my life can ſave, then
ſtrike, ſtrike her Heart, ſtrike, ſtrike her Heart, and heal thy ſlave, then ſtrike, ſtrike her



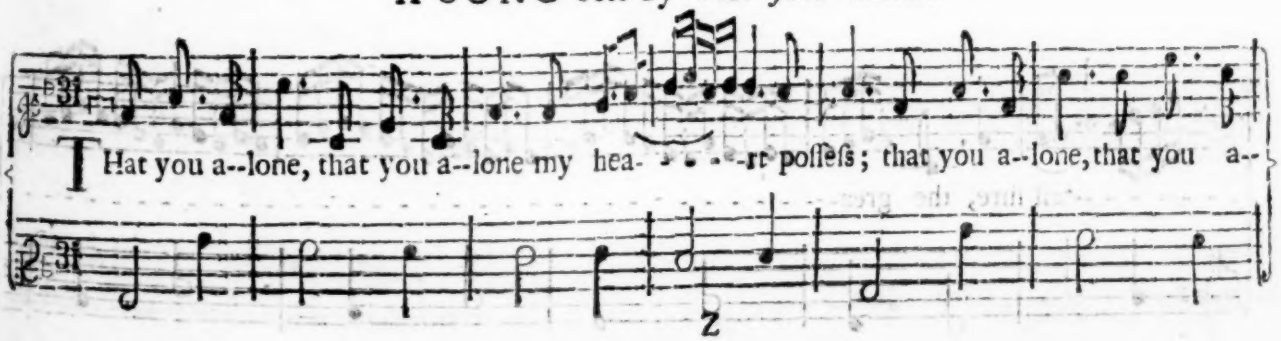
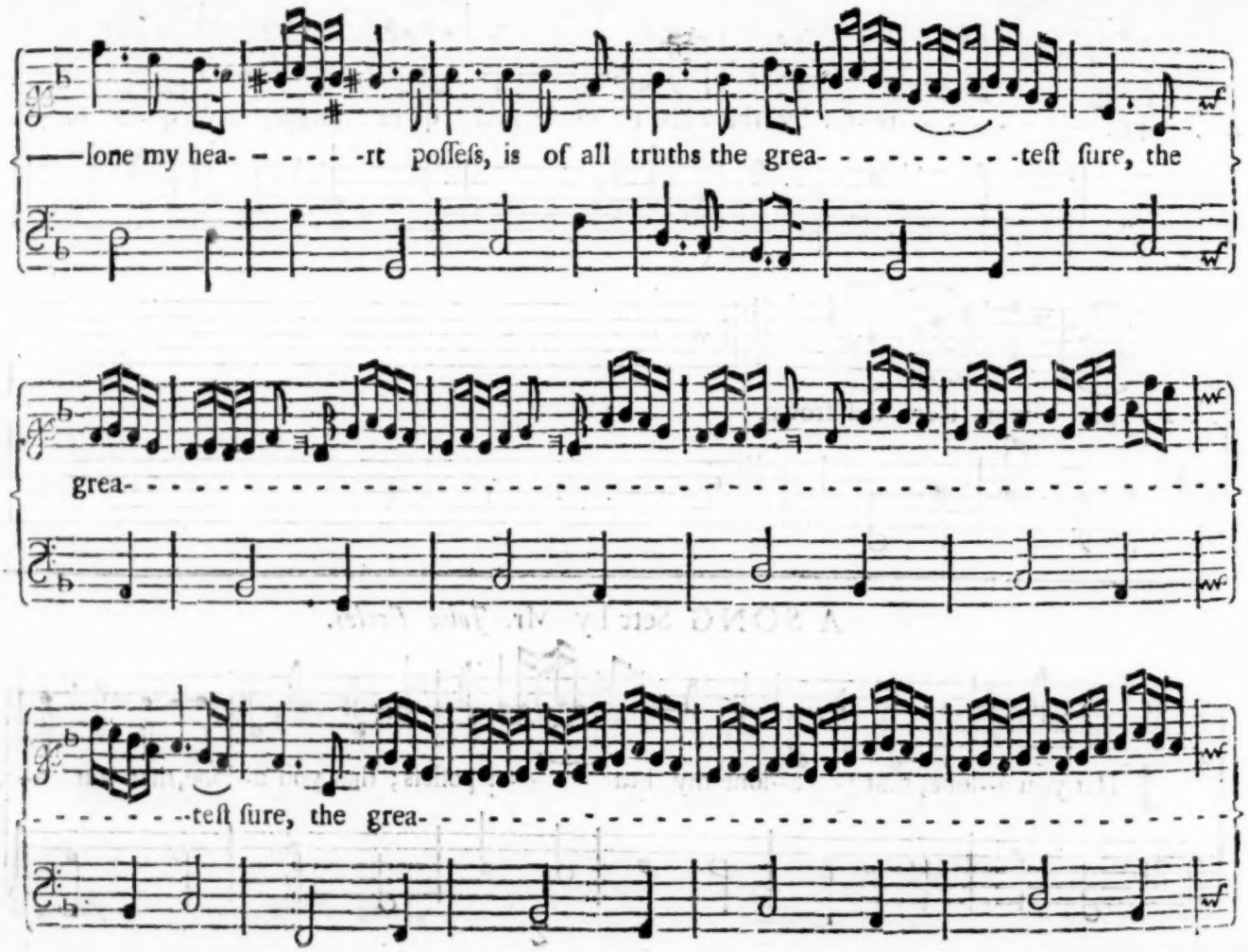
A S O N G Sett by Dr. *Turner.*

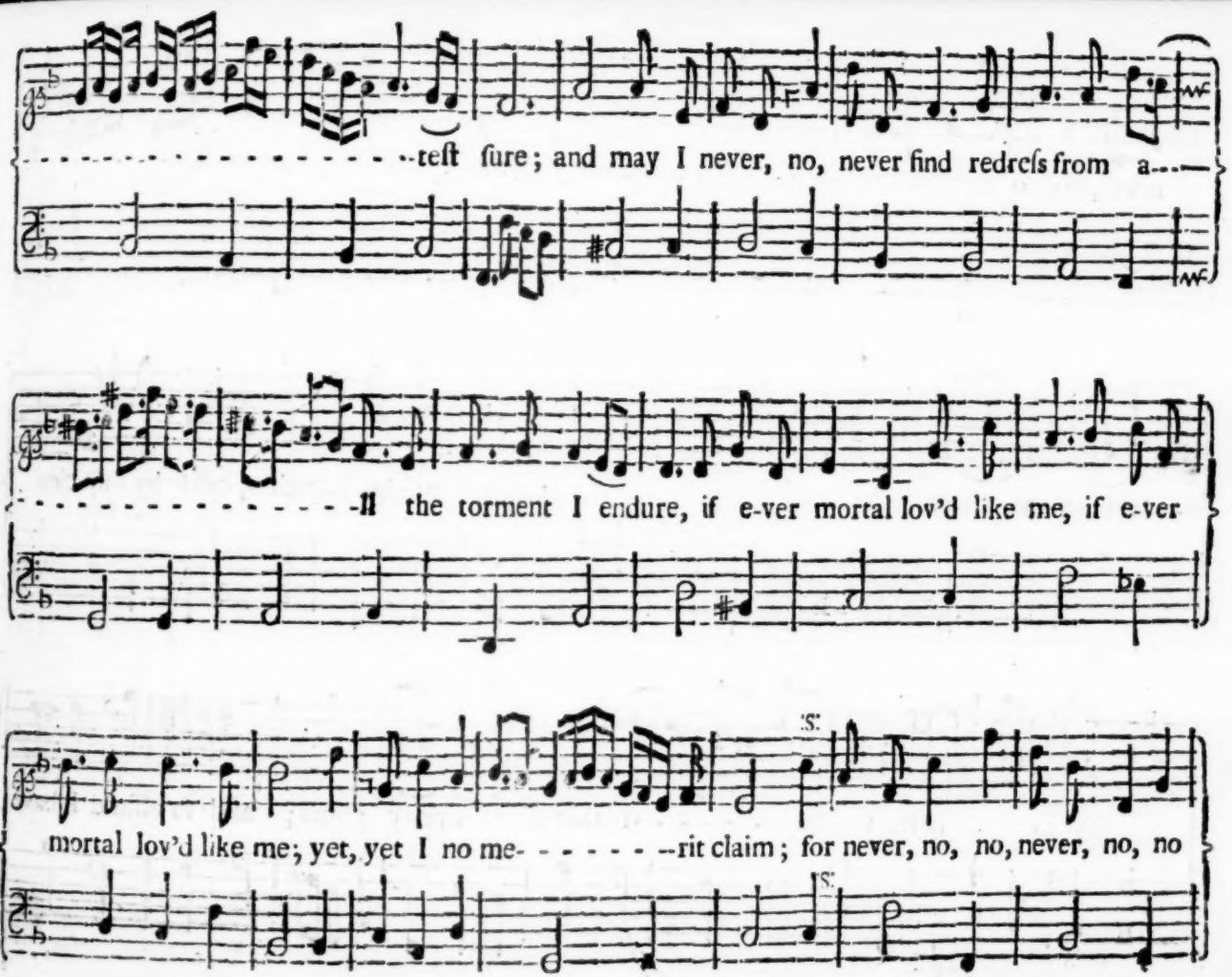
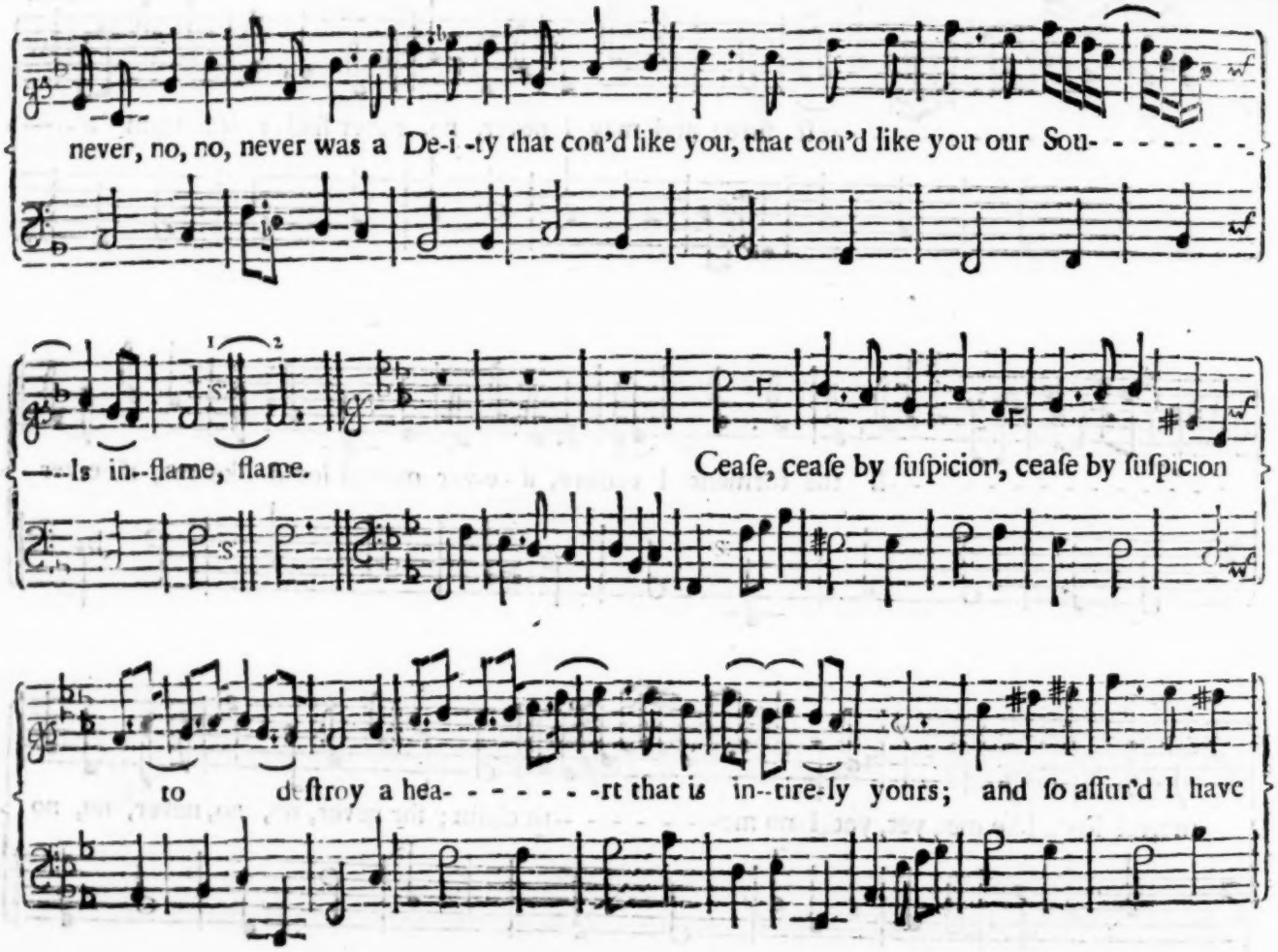
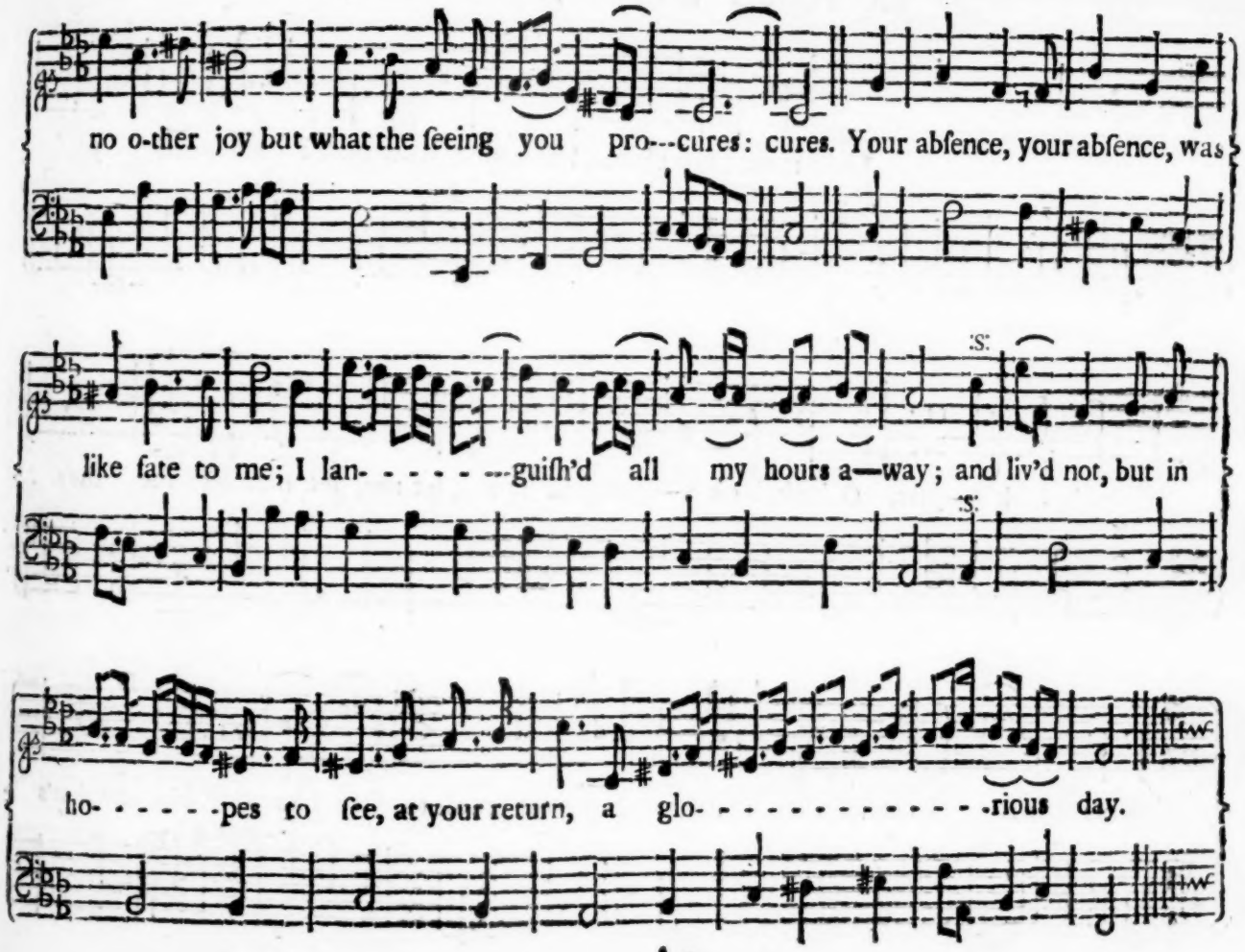

PEace, peace, peace, peace, peace babbling, babbling Muſe; I dare not ſin- - - - - -g, I dare not
Sin- - - - - - - - -g when you indite; her Eyes refuſe to read the paſſion which they write,

ſhe ſtrikes my *Lute*, ſhe ſtrikes my *Lute*, but if it ſoun- - - - - - - - - -d, threatens, threatens,
threatens, threatens to hurl it, to hur- - - - - - -l it on the ground; And I no leſs,
no leſs her an-ger dread, than the poor wretch that feig- - - - - -ns him dead, while ſome fierce

Li--on does embrace his breath--leſs corps, and licks his Face; wrapt up in ſi--lent fear he
lies, tor- - - - - - - - - -n, tor- - - - -n all in pieces, in pieces if he
crie- - - - - - - -s, if he cries.

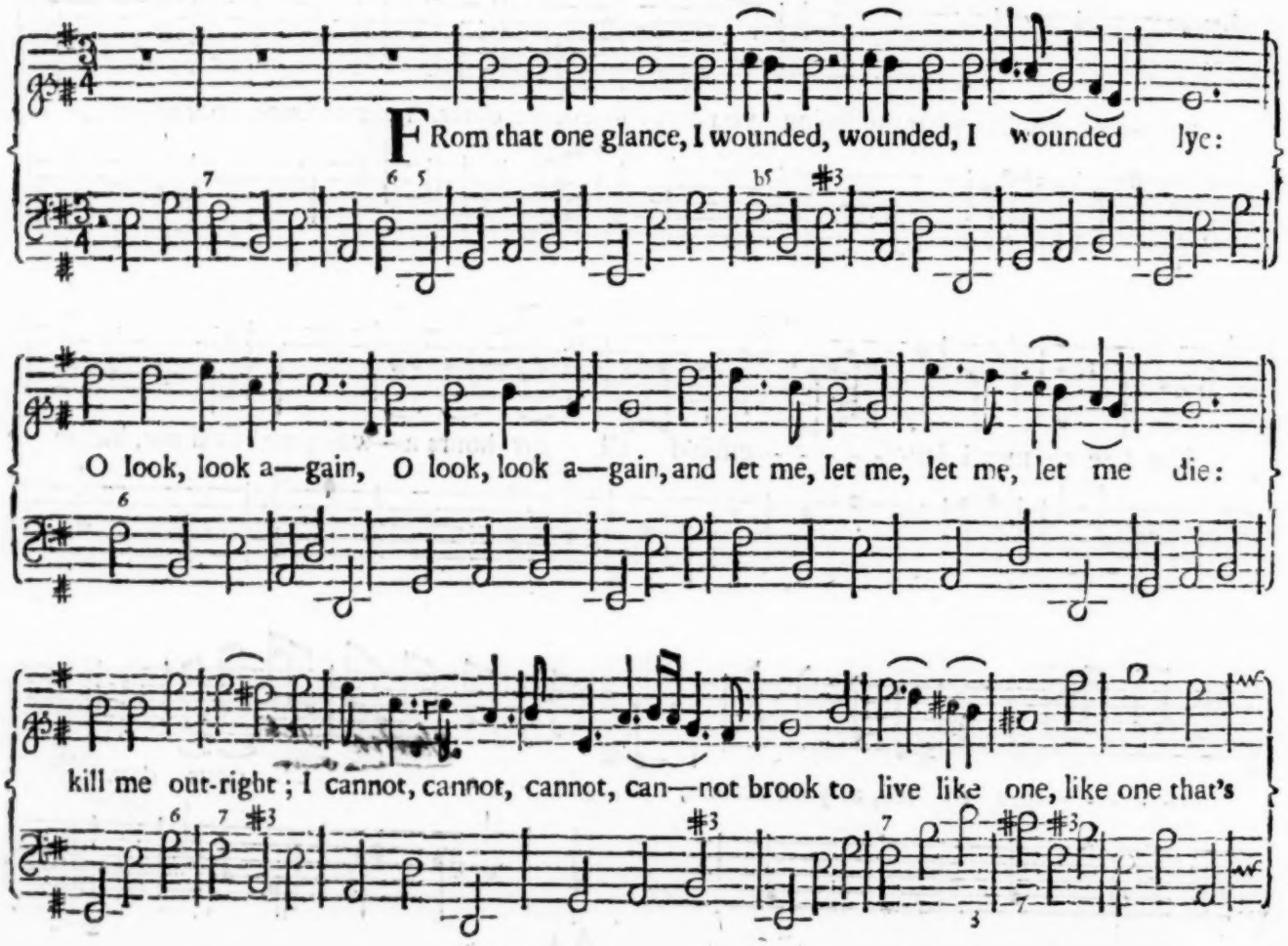
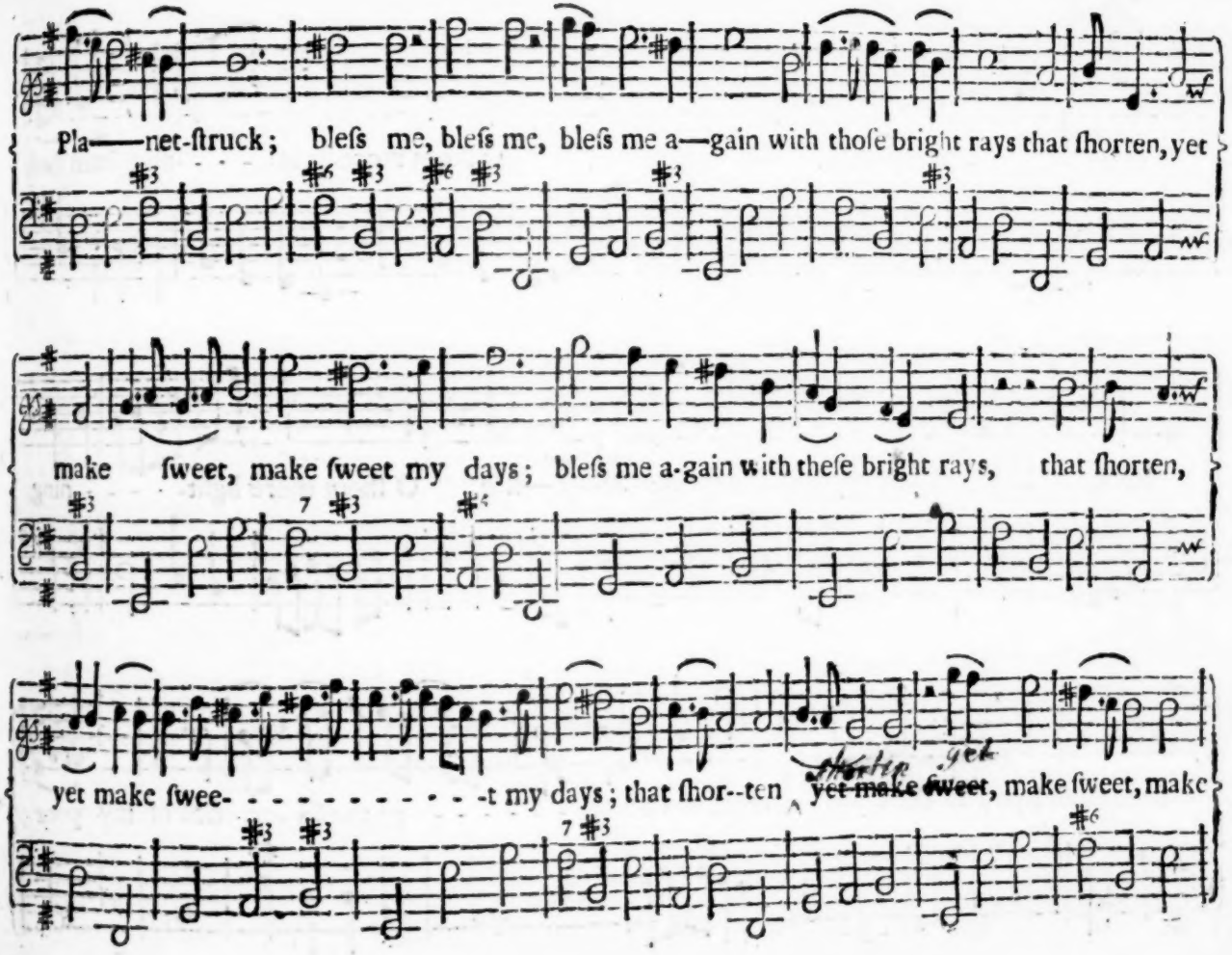
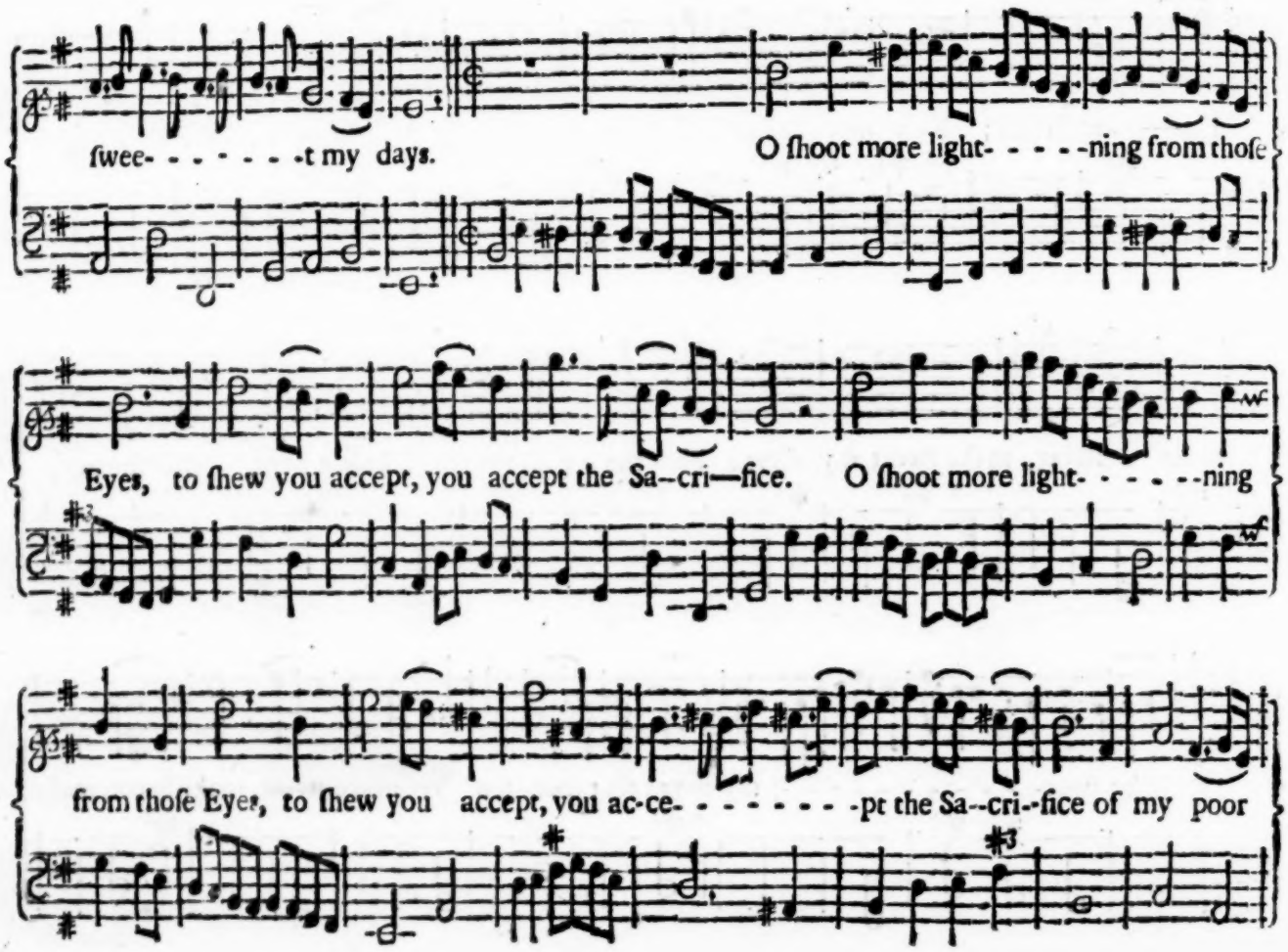
A SONG Sett by Mr. *John Barrett.*

UNkind *Do-rin--da,* ſhall diſ-dain, with—in your breaſt, with——in your breaſt for
e-ver reign? If love like mine won't force return, then, Lo——vers muſt for
e——ver burn; If Love like mine won't force re—turn, then Lo—vers muſt, then

Lo—vers muſt for e—ver burn.
Smile then, fair Nymph, kind looks diſplay, and ſee how wil—ling I'll o--bey. Your
cold diſ—dain but once remove, let Tongue and Eyes de- - -clare you love; then

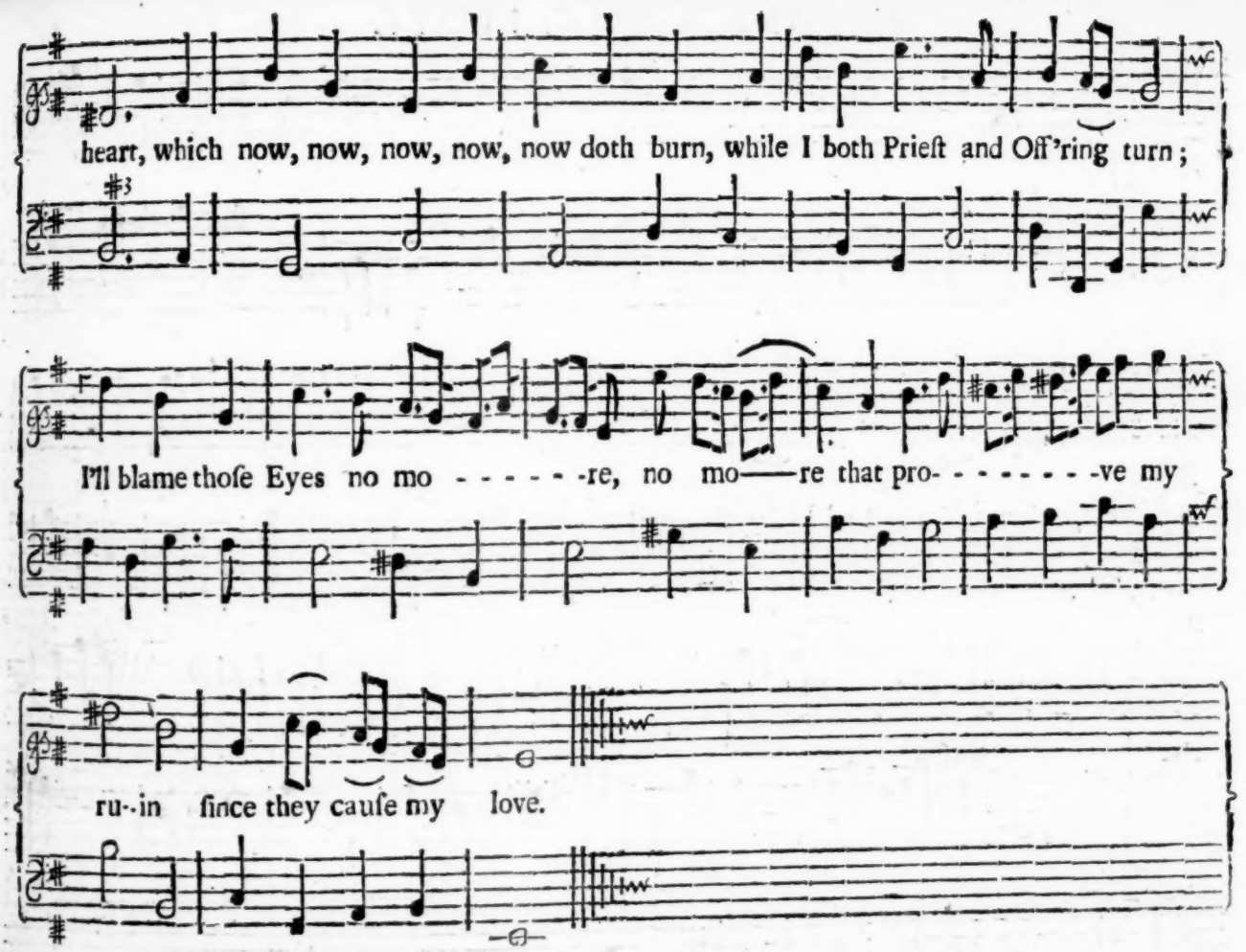
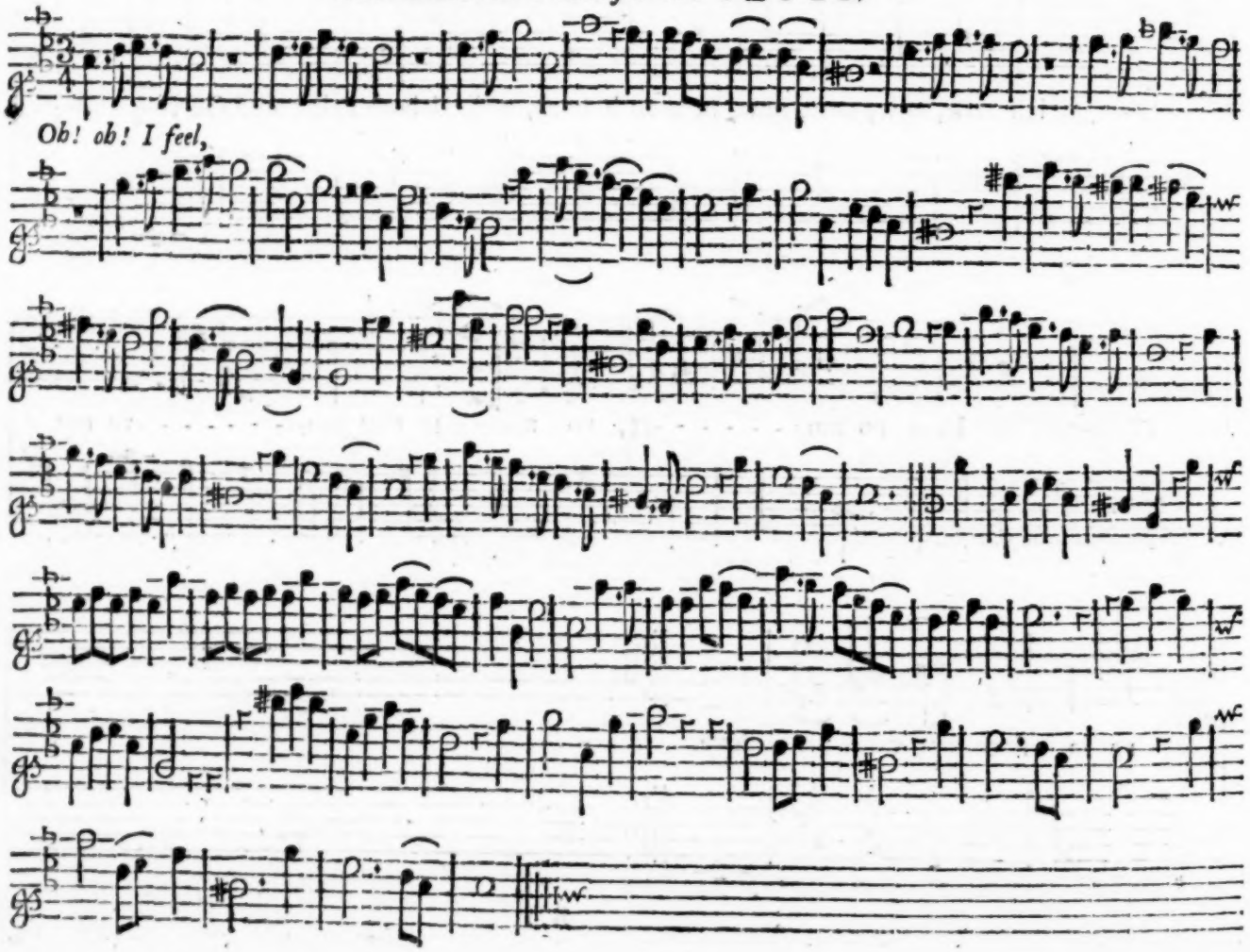
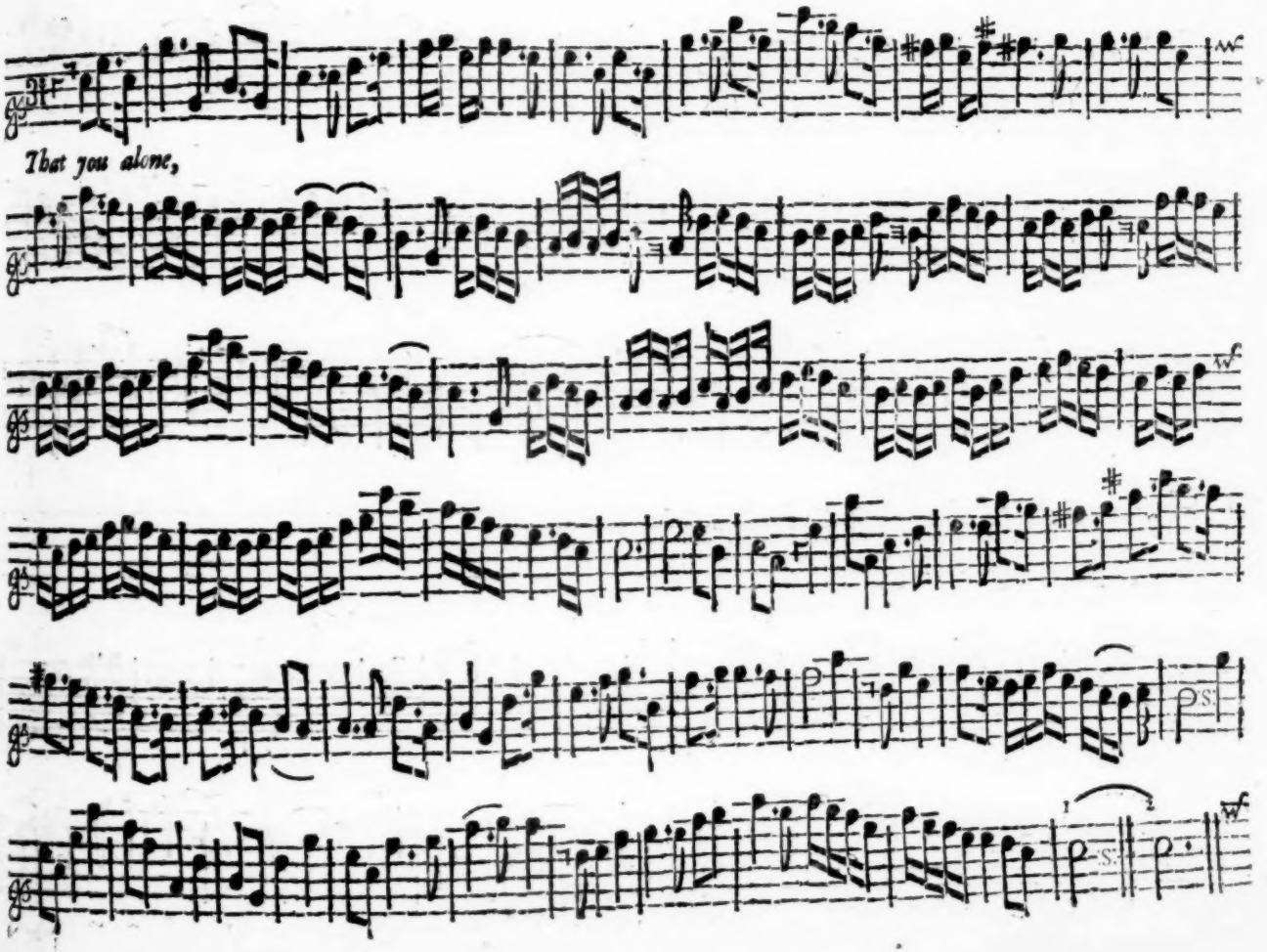
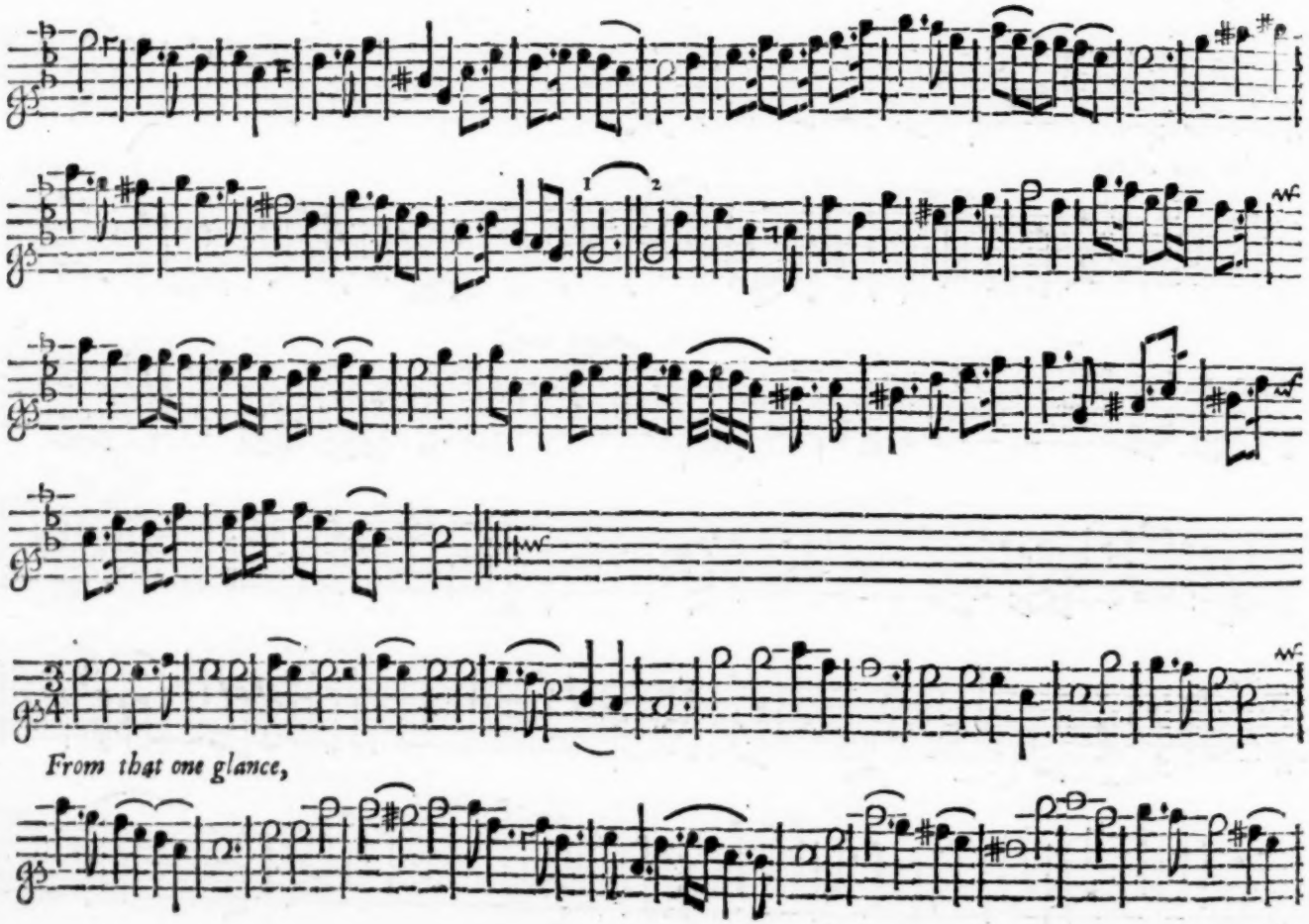
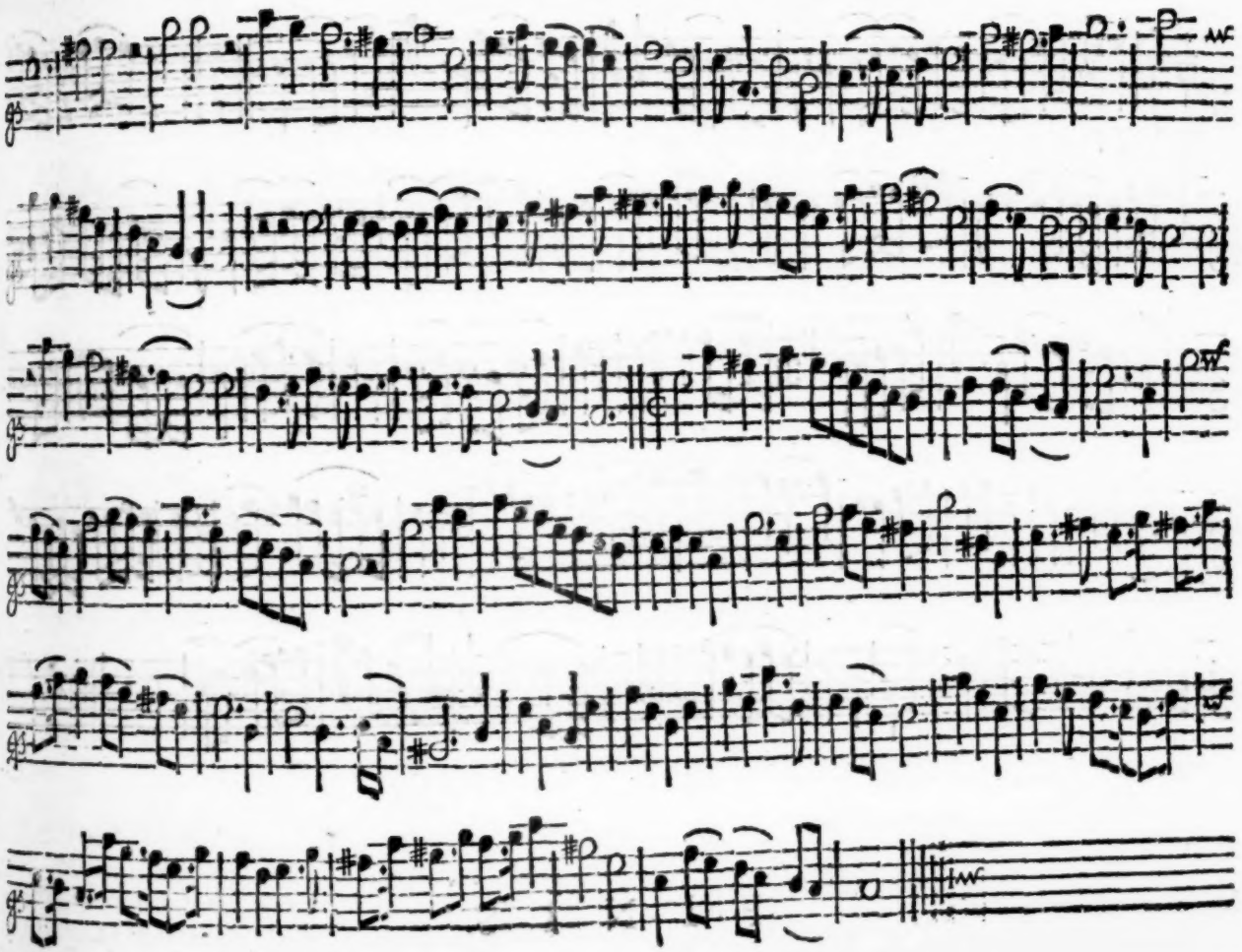
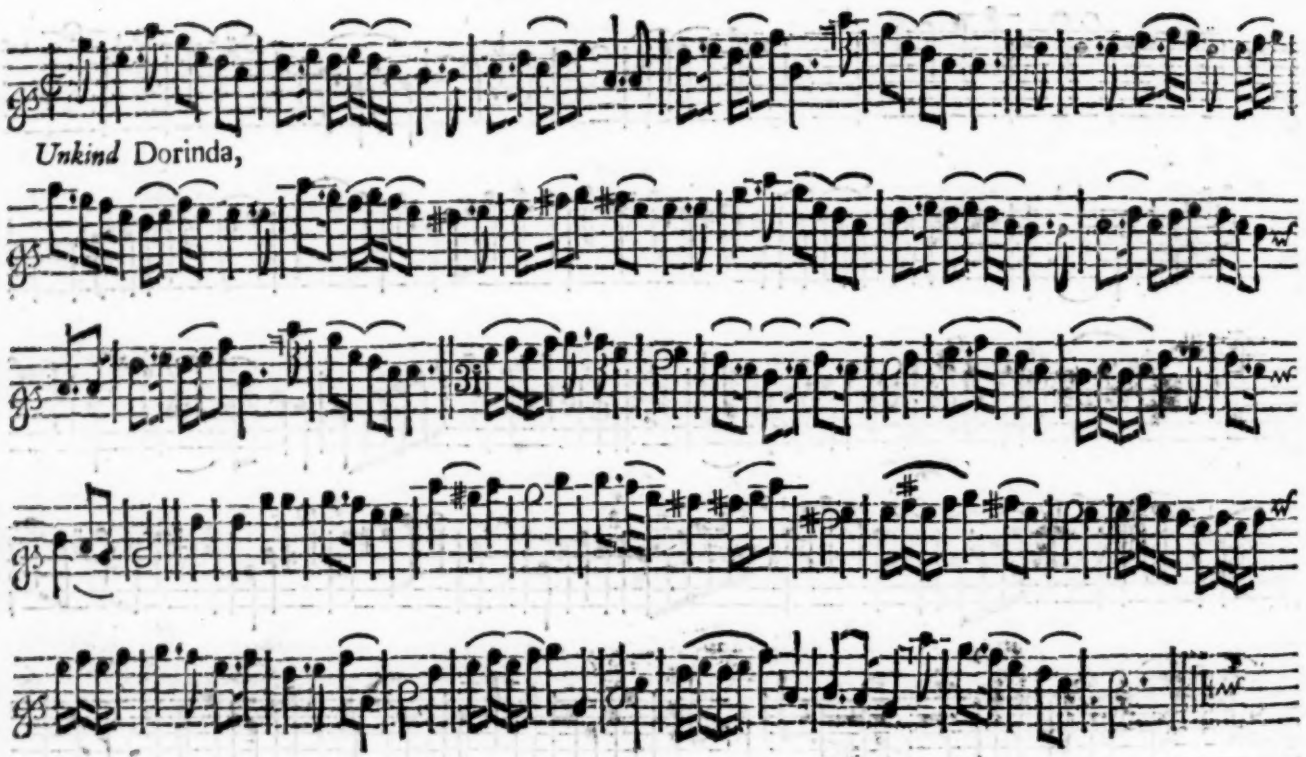


A SONG Sett by Mr. *John Eccles.*



——lone my hea- - - - - -rt poſſeſs, is of all truths the grea- - - - - - - - -teſt ſure, the
grea- - - - - - - -

teſt ſure; and may I never, no, never find redreſs from a---
-ll the torment I endure, if e-ver mortal lov'd like me, if e-ver
mortal lov'd like me; yet, yet I no me- - - - - -rit claim; for never, no, no, never, no, no

never, no, no, never was a De-i -ty that cou'd like you, that cou'd like you our Sou- - - - - -
—-ls in--flame, flame.
Ceaſe, ceaſe by ſuſpicion, ceaſe by ſuſpicion
to deſtroy a hea- - - - - -rt that is in--tire-ly yours; and ſo aſſur'd I have

no o-ther joy but what the ſeeing you pro---cures: cures. Your abſence, your abſence, was
like fate to me; I lan- - - - - -guiſh'd all my hours a—way; and liv'd not, but in
ho- - - - -pes to ſee, at your return, a glo- - - - - - - - - - - - .rious day.

A SONG sett by Mr. *John Church.*

From that one glance, I wounded, wounded, I wounded lye:
O look, look a—gain, O look, look a—gain, and let me, let me, let me, let me die:
kill me out-right; I cannot, cannot, cannot, can—not brook to live like one, like one that's

Pla——net-ſtruck; bleſs me, bleſs me, bleſs me a—gain with thoſe bright rays that ſhorten, yet
make ſweet, make ſweet my days; bleſs me a-gain with theſe bright rays, that ſhorten,
yet make ſwee- - - - - - - - - - -t my days; that ſhor--ten yet make ſweet, make ſweet, make

ſwee- - - - - - -t my days.
O ſhoot more light- - - - -ning from thoſe
Eyes, to ſhew you accept, you accept the Sa--cri—fice.
O ſhoot more light- - - - - -ning
from thoſe Eyes, to ſhew you accept, you ac-ce- - - - - - -pt the Sa--cri--fice of my poor


heart, which now, now, now, now, now doth burn, while I both Prieſt and Off'ring turn;
I'll blame thoſe Eyes no mo - - - - - -re, no mo——re that pro- - - - - - - -ve my
ru--in ſince they cauſe my love.

Oh! oh! I feel,

That you alone,

From that one glance,

FINIS.